

Good Morning 582

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

STUART MARTIN
continues the
"BATTLE OF
SYDNEY STREET"

SIEGE IS RAISED

2—The cops outclassed. Scots Guards have a Go. Winston Churchill, Observer. The Roar of Flames. How it ended.

ONE of the first bits of the dramatic situation when I arrived at Sydney Street was that armed police had entrenched themselves in a brewery yard opposite No. 100 and were taking pot-shots at the house.

They were hoping to wing the two birds inside; but Fritz Svaars and Joe Vogel were a cautious pair. Never a sign of them came from the upper windows except answering bursts of fire that blew fragments from brick walls and houses. They changed their positions, too, so that a waving curtain did not indicate their presence.

The fact was that the police weapons were hopelessly outclassed by the defenders'. But it was evident that the cops had orders to isolate No. 100. Crowds of

people were held back at all the approaches to the street by cordons of police who had arrived from all parts of London. Nobody could get through without special authority; and even then it was a job.

Somebody—I don't know who—raised a yell that soldiers should be sent for. This was no mere endeavour to arrest a pair of ruffians. It was a fight against assassins; and the assassins let it be known by their shooting that they intended to kill before being caught.

Soldiers were sent for. Nineteen men of the Scots Guards, nineteen picked shots, came on the scene. But it was a wet, miserable day, the streets were muddy, and these men had to get a line on the target. How to do it? They got newspaper

contents boards from shops, flung them down at points on the road, and flung themselves on the boards. Some of these Guards were within seventy yards of the house.

More valiant men appeared, civilians, who carried all sorts of firearms from Service rifles to automatic pistols, revolvers, double-barrelled sporting guns. All thirsting to have a go.

The rooms from which the besieged men were firing showed signs of the besiegers' aims. The glass was shot out of the frames, the frames were splintered in every direction. Bang, bang, bang, it went for more than an hour. And then the firing stopped.

The reason for this was that a policeman edged up along the row of houses, smashed in the door of No. 100 with a rifle butt, and edged back again.



This picture was a "scoop" in its day. Taken by Tommy Grant, ace news-photographer, who now works for "Good Morning," it shows picked shots of the Scots Guards drawing a bead on the besieged house.

IN SMOKE

Everybody said the police were going to rush the place. But the police didn't rush it, and in a few minutes the door was closed from the inside by somebody, and things were as before.

There were plenty of policemen who were willing, nay, anxious, to do the rushing. They wanted to get the men, and their resentment against the two rose when a rumour came that Det.-Sergt. Leeson had died in the London Hospital, where he had been taken. The rumour was false, but it caused cops to urge the rushing of the dwelling.

The man who decided against the assault was Sir Melville Macnaghten, from Scotland Yard, who consulted with his officers. To rush the building would have been to have had more officers shot down.

You know these dwellings, maybe. The front door opened into a narrow passage about twelve feet long and faced a narrow flight of stairs. Anybody atop the stairs could sweep the passage. Falling men would have been a block for those who came after. The passage would have been a death-trap.

Besides, the birds were caged. It was only a matter of time. That was the police view. But one ruse was tried to draw fire from the house. A dummy was rigged up in the

dress of a police sergeant (they got the uniform from a neighbouring police station), and it certainly drew fire. The dummy was riddled. Gallant dummy! They took it away later.

And then, just after mid-day, Mr. Winston Churchill arrived. A lot of nonsense was written and spoken about that visit of Winston Churchill. It was said that he came to direct things, that he was after publicity.

The truth is that he never did direct anything. He came because he was Home Secretary and had a right to know what was going on. He was merely a spectator, and a pretty good one at that. I don't know of any Home Secretary who would have done what he did later.

It was said, for instance, that he ordered R.H.A. guns to be brought to the siege. He didn't. That order came from the police, and two guns were trundled up the street.

I heard discussions, too, about bringing in a party of Royal Engineers to mine the house and blow it up. But that didn't have to be done.

There were so many incidents that it is difficult to tabulate them all. One is worth mentioning.

Det.-Insp. Wensley was down there with other high officials. He was talking to Sir Melville Macnaghten, his chief, and handed out a bit of news that was like manna to a hungry newspaperman. But the newspaperman could not use it, alas! The news was that he

expected to arrest the Clapham Common murderer very soon. Now, the Clapham Common murder was that in which Leon Beron had been found dead and mutilated two or three days previously. Stinie Morrison was the man Wensley had been watching.

But Wensley's news could not then be printed, so on with the siege!

Just before one o'clock the firing from the soldiers eased off. Somebody had noticed a thin wisp of smoke rising from No. 100. In fifteen minutes that wisp was as thick as your leg. In twenty minutes it was a column. In half an hour it was a billow. The house was on fire.

We stood there and watched the flames break through. We watched the red glow gather inside. We heard the crackling, then the roar. It was a furnace up aloft.

Where were Fritz Svaars and Joseph Vogel in that burning house? We soon knew. They began firing from a lower room, their guns breaking the smoke here and there. But they themselves were still invisible.

And then up dashed fire engines. The police stopped the engines. The police stopped everything that tried to get through the cordon. There was a clash of authorities.

The police authorities opposed the fire engines. The firemen's chief opposed the police. What the hell was a

(Continued on Page 3)

TIPS AND POINTERS TO FORTUNE

EVER wondered how you might build a fortune on your wartime savings? Here are some tips and pointers to success.

In the years before the war, fortunes were made by (1) a man who hired out wireless sets at 2s 6d. a month; (2) a man who opened a chain of libraries, shop by shop, on 2d. no-deposit terms; and (3) an ingenious enthusiast who collected sawdust from sawmills and sold it at a handsome profit to butchers.

In Africa, Asia, even in Northern Scotland and elsewhere in Britain, undeveloped parts of the country have been opened up by war activities.

New petrol stations will be needed along the roads. Bigger and better hotels or restaurants and road-houses are wanted.

On the other hand, there is no reason why a novel idea in catering for motorists should not start in a humble cottage.

That's just an idea—and here's another. The star of television seems to brighten upon the horizon. The first shopkeeper to take his chance here may become the head of a chain of television houses.

For inventors, the development of a radio valve controlling the elements of reception, amplification and volume control will certainly win a big fortune.

If you can make the smallest-known feather-weight battery or condenser smaller still, or an even tinier portable set than can be obtained at present, the wireless world will flock to your door.

Other opportunities in the invention field are to be seen in the "requirements notes" tabulated in every field of human endeavour. A non-skid road, trouser braces that need no adjustment, milk saucepans that cannot boil over, cold lights, a completely noiseless gun, and a cheap dictating machine, are among the world's immediate needs.

Often the simplest ideas are the most profitable. Before the war an engineer designed a penny-in-the-slot telescope which could be looked through for a certain time before it closed again.

He put one on a seaside pier, and found that he was making £1 a week out of it in pennies. With his profits he made other telescopes for other piers, until a chain of his little gadgets were set all round the holiday coast of England.

In the 1930-39 years over 100,000 roadside tea-houses sprang up all over Britain. Handsome profits surely await a man who will buy up some of those on the most attractive sites, a few at a time, and offer

a better and cheaper service to road users.

After the war foreign tourists will be invading Britain. Who will be the first, to take but one obvious idea, to reorganise a souvenir trade for them?

Where, too, is the farmer who will open a city shop for the sale of his own produce, and extend his business with every penny of the profits?

Why should not old trades be organised and centralised? The trend of big business already points in this direction. The London Transport Board, the B.B.C., the Tote Authority, the Milk Board, and the Electricity Grid, are all examples of the new method of control by centralised boards of business experts conducting the affairs of a whole industry or service.

Opportunity still waits in every field.

WEBSTER FAWCETT.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Home Town Talk

GRANDMA ON THE ROUND.

IN the last war, Mrs. Amelia McGregor, of Merridale-rd., Bitterne, Southampton, did her bit as a baker's roundsman.

Soon after the outbreak of the present war she went back to her old job—and is still at it. Every day, in all kinds of weather she makes some 200 calls, delivering bread, with her horse and cart.

What makes Mrs. McGregor's war work remarkable is that she is 64 and a great-grandmother!

Married at the age of 19 at Sculcoats, Hull, she has one daughter, Mrs. A. Downing, who was married at the same age. Mrs. Downing has four sons and three daughters, and one of the daughters, Mrs. I. Allan, has a baby daughter.

But being a great-grandmother does not make Mrs. McGregor feel old. "I get up every morning at 5.30," she says, "to get my husband's breakfast before he goes to work."

"In addition to my bread round, I do all my own shopping, housework and washing, and spend part of my evenings 'doing' my books. Every day is a busy one, but it keeps me young!"

And her daily round is not humdrum. While trying to prevent her horse from bolting some time ago she suffered two broken ribs and a broken arm.

GRANDDADS ALL.

EASTLEIGH (Hants) has a Grandfathers' Club, with a membership of nearly 100.

Members of the club hold weekly meetings, at which the old 'uns enjoy a chat, a smoke, and a game of cards or chess.

Shortly after Ald. George Wright assumed the office of Mayor of this young and progressive borough he received a "courtesy call" from six old-age pensioners whose ages aggregated over 430 years.

They were a deputation from the Grandfathers' Club, and they came to offer the new Mayor congratulations and good wishes and to express appreciation of his continual kindness to the old folk of the town over a long period of years.

Mayor Wright was delighted by the compliment, and warmly commended the club on its progress and good work.

DEBRETT OF THE TURF

WHAT "Debrett" does for bred should be applied only to the "blue-blood" of Brit-horses whose parents appear in the oldest human families, the in the magic list and whose "Stud Book" does for the ancestry can be traced back blue-blood of England's horses, for many generations.

Few racegoers actually con- Reading the Stud Book sult this publication, but all makes you realise that there depend upon it indirectly for are no "outsiders" in the aristo- their judgments, and this cracy of the Turf. There are applies far beyond the shores of England, for "thorough- breds" all over the world are descended from English race- horses whose origins are min- utely recorded in this unique work.

The racecourse knows no "new-rich." Here only breeding counts and only breeding will get a horse into the Stud Book.

Unless a horse can gain entry through registration with the Jockey Club, its racing career is exceedingly limited, for all the more important races are open only to horses with "blue blood" in their veins. A horse cannot be registered with the Jockey Club unless both its sire and its dam appear in the 'Stud Book.

Strictly the word "thorough-

Thoroughbreds all over the world are descended in the direct male line from these three horses.

Most famous of the fami- lies is that of Eclipse great grandson of Darley Arabian through his sire and great- grandson of Godolphin through his dam.

Eclipse, foaled in 1764, won or walked over the 26 races and matches in which he entered and sired 344 winners of £158,000. His descendants have won every prize of the Turf.

By Robert De Witt

Originally all descendants of the three Arabs were entitled to a place in the Stud Book, but now it is only through Eclipse that recognition is given.

THE ELITE 37.

In 1891, the Stud Book was drastically revised and all horses eliminated not considered up to standard. Out of 381 mares included in the first Jockey Club Stud Book, only 37 were allowed to remain after revision.

The object of the Stud Book, first compiled by the Jockey Club 160 years ago, has been to keep the stand-

ard of the English racehorse at the highest level.

How well it has succeeded is shown by the fact that to-day the finest Arab horse from the East is a snail behind a first class English horse. By the most careful breeding with the help of the Stud Book and the Racing Calendar, which shows the result of inheritance in action, the original Arabian strain has been improved out of recognition.

The English climate also, no doubt, has helped. In one of the few matches between Arab horses and English thorough- breds in recent years, the Arab received nearly 5 stone and was beaten by 20 lengths by a moderate horse!

The first Stud Book in Britain seems to have been published by John Cheyne in 1741. It was by no means complete, simply giving the portraits and pedigrees of 36 thoroughbreds considered the best of the time. Cheyne took considerable trouble over gathering information in days when communi- cations were poor. His Stud Book had many imitators.

Some of his competitors had fuller facts about more horses, but Cheyne's reputa- tion made his the most widely used Stud Book. He died in 1750.

The Racing Calendar, recording the results of races is an even older publication. The first publisher was a New- market publican, but although he charged only half-a-crown, he had little success and gave up. Cheyne took up the idea in 1721 and produced the Calendar for nearly 30 years. Then in 1769, the Jockey

Club to end the confusion aris- ing through the publication of the Stud Book periodically as several rival Racing Calendars, required. Between them they authorised one published by give the pedigree and success —or lack of it!—of every horse Reginald Heber.

This did not prove alto- gether satisfactory and in 1781, the Club decided to compile its own record. The racing Calendar has complete and so long.

QUIZ for today

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Grandmother, Wife's Sister, Father's Brother, Second Cousin, Step-Mother, Son's Daughter.

Answers to Quiz in No. 581

1. A theic is a man who thinks he is a god, a constant tea-drinker, a dumb dwarf, an invisible fairy.
2. Which English king refused to crown his wife?
3. Who is called the Father of Bacteriology?
4. What valuable vase in the British Museum was once smashed by a lunatic?
5. Who was the first presi- dent of the Royal Academy?

1. Range of sounds.
2. Ambroise Paré, inventor of artificial eyes, teeth and limbs.
3. 1768.
4. Louis Philippe (1773—1850).
5. Archery.
6. Epoch is not an exact measure of time; others are.

USELESS EUSTACE



"See! As I was tellin' you the other day, chum, my kid and I are inseparable!"



"REALLY! ANGELA, PULL YOUR SKIRT DOWN //

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



A PIECE of bad news was disclosed by the "Daily Mirror" recently, in a story about identity cards.

A citizen at Hampstead, getting a card for his daughter, found it valid till 1960. The clerk told him registration was to continue after the war.

The "Mirror" tried to find out, at the Ministry of Health, which runs the National Registration Act. The Whitehall official quoted his boss, Mr. Willink, the Health Minister, answering a question in the Commons.

"The National Registration Act of 1939," said Mr. Willink then, "expressly provides that it shall automatically expire on such a date as may be declared by Order-in-Council ending the emergency which was the reason for its passing."

The continuance of national registration beyond that date would require fresh legislation. So far as the future is concerned, I am not present in a position to express any view to whether it is more desirable that it should expire or that it should continue."

But Government officials like the idea of the identity cards. They would be useful in taking census, they say; they would be a tag on the movements of the population, and useful in finding missing persons.

and they would have the great virtue of letting Whitehall know where they have us.

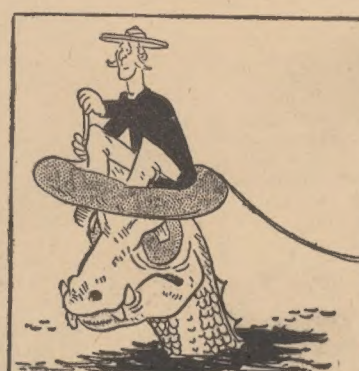


THE 50th annual volume of "Photographs of the Year," and the sixth has been issued during the war, is just published, and again tells the story of what photography has been doing during the preceding twelve months.

This publication has an international reputation, and presents the pictorial side of photography in a book of beautiful pictures, produced from prints shown at the leading exhibitions that have been held during the past

tribute is paid to the late F. J. Mortimer, edited the publication for the last 32 years, published by "The Amateur Photographer," 75s. 6d.

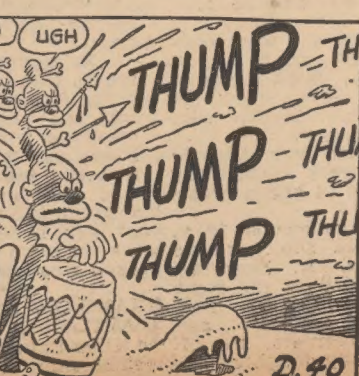
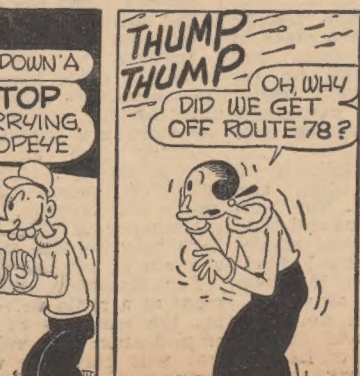
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

1. Insert consonants in A**E*A* and **I**A* and let two festivals.
2. Here are two coastal towns whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
GEASAWN — ASENAWS.
3. If "divest" is the "dive" of clothing, what is the dive of a variety, (b) Vegetables?
4. Find the two countries hidden in: I find I arranged to go to church in a car next Sunday.

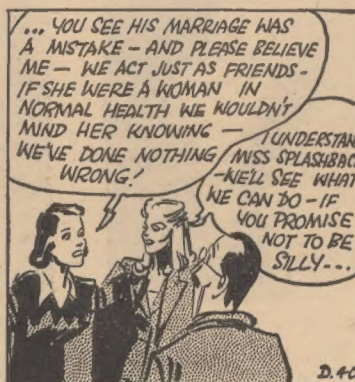
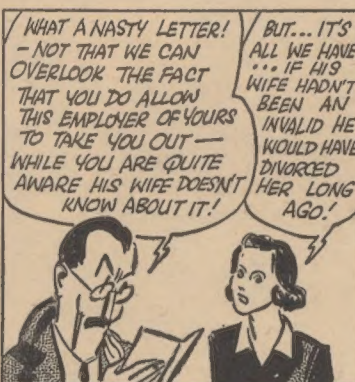
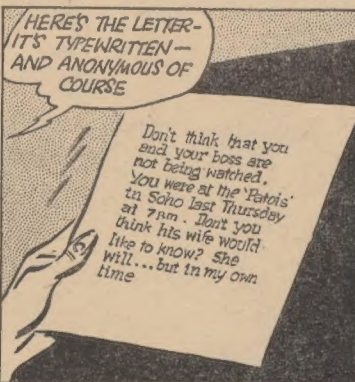
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 520

1. LORRAINE, GUYENNE.
2. STATION—TICKETS.
3. (a) Sackbut, (b) Debutante.

JANE



JUGGLES



IRTH



T JAKE



Siege of Sydney Street

(Continued from Page 1)
fire engine for but to extinguish a flaming house? The firemen took their case to the Home Secretary. The Home Secretary upheld the police.

A bullet might have slain a fireman or two, and it might have put the engine out of action. Svaars and Vogel weren't dead yet.

Meanwhile, the house was being gutted. Down to the ground floor came the two caged men, and from the ground floor windows they kept firing up and down the street. But their shots were getting wild.

A second line, as it were, of police armed with shotguns moved closer. The idea was to shoot the two if they made a dash for it.

More shots from the ground floor; then a volley from the police and soldiers.

And then silence, save for the crackling of the timbers and the roar of the flames.

The house was a mass of

fire. No human being could possibly be alive in that inferno. But guns were trained on the windows and door.

It was then that Det.-Insp. McCarthy, of the Special Branch, sidled up and kicked down the door. The passage looked like a black gaping wound with red inside.

And then came the Churchill touch. He walked forward, with an armed police sergeant as escort, and looked in. Some of us expected him to be shot dead.

But he wasn't. He came back, and the firemen were told to go to it.

They soused that building neat and proper. They went inside, too, among the falling beams and droppings of floors and roof.

They did not find Svaars and Vogel—not then. That started another rumour, that the two had escaped by the back. What a rumour! It surged through the street and was howled by

civilians who thought themselves clever.

They did not know that the back of the house had been watched from the start by a force of police. There had been no escapes.

At 3.30 p.m. the firemen found what was wanted—two charred bodies, all that remained of Fritz Svaars and Joseph Vogel. One of them had a bullet hole drilled in his head. The other had been suffocated by smoke. I saw them bring them out. They looked pretty awful things.

The firemen also found a Browning pistol, two Mauser pistols, and six gunmetal bomb cases.

Casualties on the attackers' side were Det.-Sergt. Leeson, a Scots Guards colour-sergeant wounded in the leg, five firemen hurt by falling debris, three civilians slightly injured. Supt. Patrick Quinn was severely bruised by a ricocheting bullet.

But behind all this, and after the drama of Sydney Street was over, groups of detectives still moved through the East End of London by day and night, all armed, looking for others of the gang.

It was believed that there were about fourteen men connected with the original band of criminals. Several people were arrested, but the difficulties of bringing charges home to them were too great.

I know of one case where a house was raided and a man pulled out of bed and made to march with an overcoat over his nightshirt to a police station. Poor devil, on a January night, too!

Well, the cops were not taking chances any more. You can't blame them.

ALEX CRACKS

"Where did Brown get all his money?"
"In the hold-up business."
"Never!"
"Yes. He manufactures garments."

Customer: "The eggs you sent me this week were bad."
Grocer: "Really, that's too bad."

Customer: "No, my good man, the whole dozen."

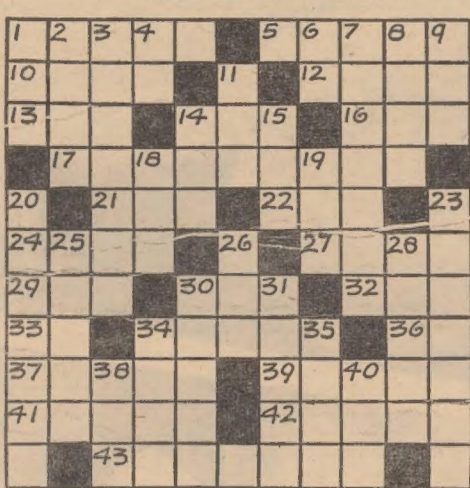
Jeweller: "What name do you want engraved in the ring?"

Blushing Young Man: "From Henry to Clara."

Jeweller (one who knows): "Take my advice and just have 'From Henry.'"

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Joyous. 5 Seasonable offerings.



CLUES DOWN.
1 Chart. 2 Boy's name. 3 Corrected. 4 Artist. 6 At home. 7 Scrumpier. 8 Meals. 9 Willy. 11 O.K. 14 Dessert fruit. 15 And the rest. 18 Strong drink. 19 Out grass. 20 Spotted beast. 23 Nuts. 25 Complete. 26 Ox. 28 Light drink. 30 Moist joint. 31 Birds for dinner. 34 Toy animal. 35 First light. 38 Catch. 40 Do knotted work.

10 Tune
12 Christmas name.
13 Farm animal.
14 Remuneration.
16 Bright beam.
17 and 43 Yuletide gift.
21 Pull cracker.
22 Wheel projection.
24 Detail.
27 Feeling fit.
29 Perch.
30 Bulge.
32 Male animal.
33 Close to.
34 Cooked in oven.
36 Animation.
37 Dials.
39 Had dinner.
41 Drift.
42 Turf.
43 See 17.

VAN INSHORE
ALONG TUN X
CLUB CREATE
U SEPIA GAR
EVE TRIDENT
H DOCTOR E
PIER LSO AD
UNLIKE GNU
LEAVE PEARL
L TENSE BAY
SMELT AISLE

PHIZ QUIZ

The life and soul of the party. Addresses all and sundry as "play-mates." Doesn't need overmuch persuasion to sing a silly song.

(Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 581: Bing Crosby.



Mr. Pop brought home a pattern of the cloth for his new suit. The family remarked upon the quality, and even little Donald was called upon to give his opinion. He turned the stuff on the wrong side and began to examine it. "You silly boy, that's the wrong side!" exclaimed his mother. "I'm not silly!" answered the boy. "It won't come to me until it's..."

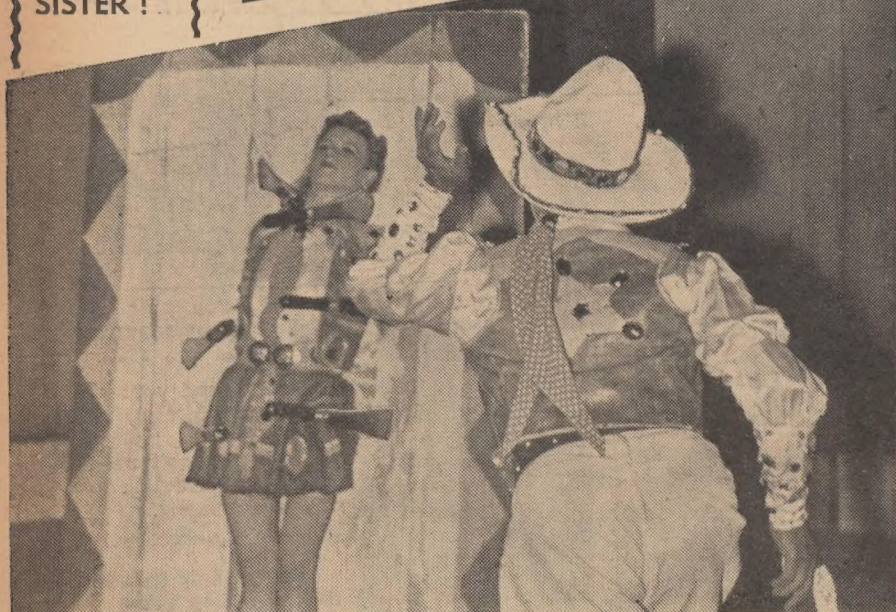
Good Morning

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES

Two very wide-awake beauties playing in the "Sleeping Beauty" at the Golder's Green Hippodrome. Noni Brooke looks herself squarely in the face while Irene Barden demonstrates that she, too, can take it.



"PARDON
MY KNIFE,
SISTER!"



When Swami cuts a girl friend, he cuts her dead! But Sheila is another girl who can take it! Lashed to a board, Sheila is a target for fifty knives a day. "But, there," she told Mac, "Good Morning" photographer, "it's money or his knife."



"That's no gentleman! We say it without the slightest hesitation. And how do we know? It's on account of we've heard that whatever else a gentleman removes when he sits on a lady's bed, he should remove his hat. That's what is called etiquette."



"FUSE'S" ENGLAND. We've always stuck to our theory that you can tell a photographer by the films he develops! And every time "Fuse" Wilson produces a print there's a pub in it! This time he's excelled himself — there's two in this favourite corner of Putney High Street.



This picture shows you why it's no good sitting through the film twice, hoping for the bubbles to burst, when your favourite Hollywood star takes a foam bath! Bubbles are non-burstable, and are inserted by a skilled bubble-mechanic — the big meanie!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Glamorous cat
has never taken a
bath in
her
life."

